

## Death magick for adepts - 1/2

Interprété par Cradle Of Filth.

Come distorted artists  
Bitter things seek meaning  
Even if they're madness to behold  
Once forbears to horizons  
Where the dead stayed dreaming  
Now nightmares waken souls

That fear the living's toll  
Goya, Bosch and Brueghel  
Three times moonwise stain thy graves  
For words alone are at loss to trace  
The face of today's inhuman wraith

One half adrift in the vast abyss  
Of despair and misery  
The other a mask of rich red lips  
Whetted by the fevers of belief and greed

All damned in this inferno  
Where even Virgil averts His eyes  
From the black mass mutual gang rape  
Of Caesing hands an forced divides

Trespass these seven gates  
To a world bloodlet to shades  
Where Seraphim  
(Falling on deaf ears) bleat  
Of their cold and coming Master's race  
In the seweres of Babylon  
Stillborn to a trough anon  
Chimiraclles will hatch like plots  
To dredge faeces to pearl their cross

Enter Penteholocaust!  
Five Aeons past, yet still Man grasps  
At final straws to save his cast

His Lord is a leper we shall not want  
He betrayed us with white lies  
His acrid pall as of the tomb  
Reminds us how we rot inside

Gutted like fool's paradise  
Glutted on cruel appetites...

Holding court to chaos  
Folding to far graver arms

## Death magick for adepts - 2/2

A downfall fatal to all resounds  
As orgies peak in self centred psalms

And Nature screams Her sufferings  
Under bowed and cankered wings  
A bleak scorched Earth necrotica burning  
Like the robes we've torn from Her

She begs Us lay Her pain to rest  
Lest We are left with nothingness  
Save for Her stripped and ravished flesh

And if Her fate is not portent of Apocalypse  
Then the comets that graze nightskies  
Will surely cleanse of wrongs and reichs  
When you and I and all else dies...

It's rotting down  
This carcass Maggotropolis

Interdependent as worms to the grave  
Allah's true name is naught  
Chist acannot save  
Locked in a waltz of evermore frantic steps  
Spells of regret...  
Death Magick for Adepts

Be prepared to fulfill prophecies  
The glorious fall of a sin dynasty

Gutted like fool's paradise  
Glutted on cruel appetites...

"We've woven hearts a thorn arbour  
Left tear streaked reason upon the shore  
And bereft of compass, star or more  
Set out for this World's end  
Few at the prow, most slave below  
Painting coal a perfect gold  
But for all it's worth, the engines slow  
Dead in the brine again  
Come cabin fever, sodomy on the bounty  
Prey to phallus seas  
That hiss and foam to douse disease  
A storm roars on the way  
Blacker than the Ace of Rapes  
Dealt out by Death in darkwood glades  
Our Ship of Fools, all boards handmade  
Sinks, dashed by seismic waves..."